

### **SHAREHOLDER'S REPORT, 1/61**

Irrevocably as snow or the sound of voices  
In it, hollow, our lives are cut off  
By storms in the winter of our search. Recorded,  
A taped operator's hidden voice  
From zero speaks: "The party with whom  
You wish to talk is no longer —"  
Click-click we signal the warm computer  
That remembers a call's distance. But our circuits  
Are short, the dime comes back—and with it  
We can get the time, our weather, or a prayer.

*Martin Robbins*

### **IT'S HAPPENED BEFORE AND WILL AGAIN**

When newer stars swim into ken  
And brighter comets scare the land,  
Then mobs of foolish frightened men  
Stand startled, ready for command.

*W. Arthur Boggs*